MEETE TO INCE

## AT THE LANE.



Music Published by Sen. Winner & Co.

I'll meet thee at the lane, love, when it strikes nine,
In estary again love to call thee mine;
My heart for thee is burning, my brain is almost whirling,
Through loving thee so madly, my sweet mountain rose,
When evening stars are peeping, oh, then will be our
meeting.

Old time too swiftly fleeting our happy time away, I'll meet thee at the lane, love, when it strikes nine, In cestacy again, love, to call thee mine; My heart for thee is burning, my brain is almost whirling, Through loving thee so madly my sweet mountain rose.

I'll meet thee at the lane, love, when it strikes nine, In cestacy again, love, to call thee mine; I'll meet thee at the lane, I'll meet thea at the lane, Meet me, meet me when the clock strikes nine.

I'll leave thee at the lane, love, when it strikes ten, And faithful will remain, love, believe me then; Forget thee I can never, and breath from me must sever,

Forget thee I can never, and breath from me must sever.

If I forget thee ever, my sweet monntain rose.

When evening stars are peeping, oh, then will be our meeting,

Old time too swiftly fleeting our happy time away; I'll leave thee at the lane, love, when it strikes ten, And faithful will remain love, believe me then, Forget thee I can never, and breath from me must sever, If I forget thee ever, my sweet mountain rose.

I'll meet thee at the lane, &c.

## A. W. AUNER,

## Song Publisher, Eleventh and Market Sts., Philada.